

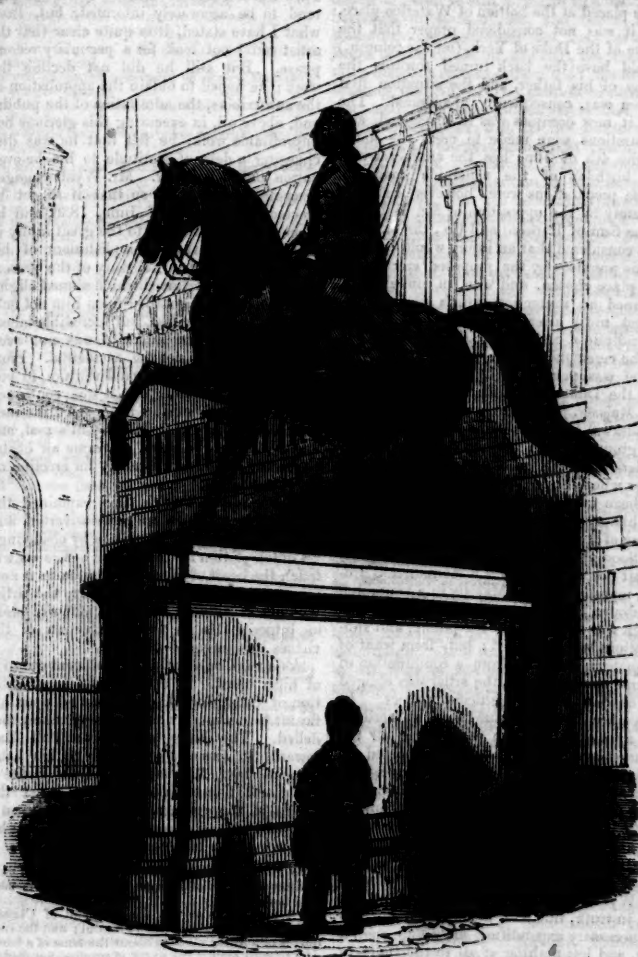
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STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD, PALL MALL EAST.

STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

THIS superb group, which has so long employed the talents of Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the artist, was opened to the public on Wednesday, August 3rd. It occupies the centre of the roadway in Pall Mall East and Cockspur-street. It was originally intended to be placed at the bottom of Waterloo-place, but it was not considered proper that the statue of the Duke of York, (on the column,) should have the back turned towards the statue of his father, and the situation first chosen was, consequently, abandoned. The spot it now occupies was then selected, and preparations were made to erect the statue on the 4th of June last, the anniversary of the birthday of the venerable monarch. These preparations were, however, rendered nugatory by the opposition of Mr. Williams, of the firm of Ransom and Co., the bankers, who considered that an injury would be done to his premises by the proposed erection in the place chosen, and who, in consequence, obtained an injunction which was not removed until after considerable delay and difficulty in a court of equity.

The ceremonial of the inauguration of the statue was performed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as proxy for his Majesty. It consisted merely of the withdrawal of the curtains which concealed the group, and an address delivered by Sir Frederick Trench, as one of the Committee under whose superintendence the memorial has been raised. As this address embodies the history of the statue, we quote the substance of it from the *Times* report:—

"Soon after the death of George III., Mr. Wyatt proposed to form a monumental trophy, representing his Majesty in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses. A very beautiful sketch was submitted to the public, and subscriptions were solicited; but, from want of adequate means, and from a combination of adverse circumstances, the artist was obliged to abandon this magnificent project. In November, 1832, a committee of subscribers was appointed, and, on considering all the circumstances of the case, they decided on employing Mr. Wyatt to make an equestrian statue. The means at their disposal amounted, in subscriptions paid and interest, only to 3,100*l*. The committee were aware how inadequate such a sum was to remunerate an artist for such a work; and though they agreed among themselves to guarantee to Mr. Wyatt a sum of 4,000*l*., yet they felt that, in truth, this sum was scarcely equal to the necessary expenditure attending such a work, and left nothing at all in the shape of pecuniary compensation to the artist. In confirmation of this opinion, I am informed, that Sir Francis Chantry received 8,000*l*. for the statue of Sir Thomas Munro, a work pre-

cisely of the same size as that we now see before us. The equestrian statue of George IV. cost 9,000*l*.; the statue of the Duke of York, in Waterloo-place, 7,000*l*. I have heard that the equestrian statue at the end of the long walk at Windsor cost 30,000*l*., and that the bronze figure in the Park, at Hyde-Park Corner, cost as much. I do not pretend to be accurately informed, but, from what I have stated, it is quite clear that the artist could not look for a pecuniary recompense. But still he did not decline the work; he hoped to obtain the approbation of the subscribers, the admiration of the public; and, above all, in executing this glorious but unprofitable work, he felt that he was discharging a debt of gratitude to his beloved patron and benefactor. Mr. Wyatt engaged to complete his work so that it might be erected on the 4th of June, 1836, and he laboured night and day to the great injury of his health, for the accomplishment of his engagement; but in February of the present year, a disaster occurred which almost blighted his hopes, and entailed upon him not only a heavy, pecuniary loss, but incredible labour and fatigue. The mischief was not accidental—it could not be accidental. From my own observation, I could venture to pronounce this opinion; but it was confirmed by the testimony of the most scientific men of the country. Still, Mr. Wyatt's zeal, and energy, and enthusiasm, overcame all obstacles, and the statue was ready for erection on the 4th of June."

Sir Frederick Trench then explained the obstruction to which we have adverted, and concluded his eloquent address by observing: "Contemplation of the statue before us will touch the heart of every true Briton as it now affects mine. It will immortalize the artist who has executed it, and I hope it will prove as imperishable as the recollection of the virtues it is intended to record."

As a work of art, this magnificent group is of high merit. It is a faithful representation of George the Third, mounted upon his favourite charger, which is very finely modelled. The King looks down Pall Mall towards St. James's, and holds in his hand a cocked hat. The material of the statue is the finest bronze, varnished to resist the effects of the weather. It is placed upon a base of Portland stone, twelve feet in height, and to bear the following inscription:—

"To his most excellent Majesty George the Third, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith.

"A monarch who was the safeguard of Christianity, without the honours of a saint; and the conqueror of half the globe, without the fame of a hero; who reigned amidst the wreck of empires, yet died in the love of his people, when peace was established throughout his wide dominions, when the literature and the commerce of his country pervaded the world, when British valour was without a rival, and the British character without a stain."

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WHAT scenes awak'd by Memory's wand
Amid my visions start!
The bright, the beautiful, and grand,
Like spectral forms of fairy land,
Entrance my thoughtful heart.
I hear the woods of autumn ring,
As the shaft flies on its feathery wing,
And the trumpet's cadence dies;
While gallant chiefs and ladies gay
Through fertile vales pursue their way
Before my startled eye!

The Norman's foot is on the soil, the Norman's
accepted hand
Extends its proud, oppressive sway o'er England's
conquer'd land;
And since the Saxon lost his throne on Hastings'
fatal plain,
The widow'd heart of Liberty has mourn'd above the
slain.

But, hark! a sound is on the breeze, a joyful echo
rings,
And the pulse-like throb of ecstasy within the bosom
springs:

For they who in the battle-front their Saxon foes
withstood,
With William Rufus lead to-day the chase through
Boldrewood.

The stag forsakes his secret nook, the fox his gloomy
cave,

To fall a prey beneath the shaft commission'd by
the brave;

And through the air the arrow flies from the bow's
elastic spring.

But seeks with an unerring aim the breast of Eng-
land's king.

He fell—the royal hunter fell from off his foaming
steed;

Alas! no gentle forms were near to see the monarch
bleed;

No pitying tears were mingled with his bosom's
purple tide.

But 'mid the forest solitudes unknown, unwept, he
died.

He died—oh! not as heroes die, where sword strikes
fire with spear;

And the trumpet's note of victory is welcome to the
ear;

His hier, it was the grassy turf; his canopy, the
sky;

And with a plaintive, dirge-like tone the streamlet
glided by.

No monks did o'er his lonely tomb their miseries
sing,

Or wail in melancholy strains most acut'd to a king;

Because his Norman sire oppress'd the generous and
the good.

And from them wrung their lands to form the fatal
Boldrewood.

G. R. C.

NOTES ON LOST ARTS.

By M. L. B.

It is certain that the dim, the vague, and the
densely shadowed Past, possessed some arts
which have either descended to us as the
mere shadows of what they were, or are en-
tirely lost. A few notings upon these, thrown
together at random, and at various times, we
intend to offer in this paper, and should be
glad to see the amusing subject pursued by
abler hands.

Archery, as a military art, is, in Great
Britain, decidedly lost. The introduction of
cannon and lighter fire-arms, caused the
disuse of the bow in the battle-field; but a

well-written article in the *United Service
Journal*, some time since, strongly advocates
its re-introduction, as an effective war-engine
even now.

Brewing.—We have hesitated; but, at
length, certain weighty testimonies have in-
duced us to add brewing to our list of arts
decayed. Beer is still in vogue as a national
beverage, in spite of tea, and coffee, and
water-drinking societies; but beer neither
keeps in the cellars of the rich, nor invigo-
rates the poor man as once it did; the art of
brewing may, in fact, be considered already
lost; and competent judges assert that the
art of brewing ale, will, in the course of a
few years, be likewise gone past recall. A
very intelligent gentleman, who seemed to
have given much attention to the subject,
lately told us, that the now most approved
porter was a chemical composition, in which
malt and hops had the least possible share;
that the veritable art of porter-brewing was
lost; and that, in all probability, were it now
recovered, so vitiated and mislead had been
public taste, by constant experiments upon it,
that porter made according to the original
receipts, would neither be relished nor drunk.

The Greek Fire.—was invented by the
Greeks of the Eastern Empire, with whom its
composition for some centuries remained a
profound secret; but subsequently it was used
not only by the Christians of all nations in
the Holy Land, but also by the Turks. It
was liquid, and thought to have been a com-
position of sulphur and mineral pitches, had
a pungent, disagreeable smell, burnt with a
livid flame, and so intense a heat that it con-
sumed even stones and metals; and yet it is
asserted to have been kept in vials and vases.
It penetrated armour, and peeled the flesh
from the warrior's bones with exquisite tor-
ture. It burnt in water with unabated vio-
lence, but might be extinguished by sand
and vinegar. It is more than probable, that
in our days of advanced chemical science,
the lost art of preparing the Greek Fire might
be easily recovered, if necessary; but the
invention of gunpowder has put us in pos-
session of missiles even more effective and
destructive.

The Greek Modes.—Modern music knows
but two modes, the major and the minor;
the Greek boasted of seven—but what were
they? This query has puzzled the most
learned; and after many elaborate yet vain
discussions respecting these lost modes, (more
confounding to the intellect of musicians
than the lost *Fleiad* to the speculations of
astronomers.)—what, if there should have
been a misconception of the term, translated
mode, and which also means style, fashion;
and what, if we moderns, in our varied kinds
of music, the simple and complex, the florid
and severe, the solemn, the tender, and the
sad, the grave, and the gay, absolutely possess

without knowing it—the lost Greek modes? It may be even so.

Corinthian Brass.—The art of founding this celebrated metal, of which frequent mention is made in history,—of which one of the principal gates of the temple of Jerusalem was formed, and whose value was beyond that of gold, is lost to the moderns. It is believed to have been composed of many metals; but, when Corinth was taken by the Roman consul Mummius, B. C. 145, sacked, and burned, (the whole city continuing in flames for several days,) “the Corinthian Brass,” says Rollin, “became more famous than ever, though it had been in reputation long before.” It was asserted that “the gold, silver, and brass which was melted, and ran together in this conflagration, formed a new and precious metal.”

Transmutation.—Though the alchemists’ idea of the possibility of transmuting by chemical agents, certain metals subjected to their action into pure and native gold, be but a fallacy—a vain and idle dream; yet it cannot be denied that some singular instances are upon record of the apparently immediate transformation into gold, of certain small, metallic bars, submitted to the influence of fluxes, with the composition of which we are unacquainted. Far are we from asserting that gold, as the alchemists hoped to make it, has actually been made; or even this, in quantities sufficient to insure the too credulous, or too designing experimentalists from ruin; but we need not hesitate to affirm, while such accounts disclose to us the wonders and miracles of science, that to modern chemists is lost the art of instantaneously changing a metal into seeming gold, which, far from being merely gilt, has, when cut, appeared of a like substance throughout; and which, when assayed by goldsmiths and jewellers, has been pronounced, *bonâ fide*, gold.

Everlasting Lamps.—These lamps, (of which many consider the accounts altogether apocryphal,) are supposed to have been formed with inconsumable asbestos wicks; but the composition employed to feed them it is utterly impossible to surmise; because naphtha, which it is said to have been, as well as every other oleaginous substance, would consume, if the lamp-wicks did not, and be converted by sublimation into soot. The secret then, of making everlasting lamps is utterly lost to us, if, indeed, it were known to the ancients; and they were so jealous of affording any light upon the subject to future ages, that these illuminators, used only in sepulchres, were so contrived, that bricked up therein, they might and could burn for ever; but either went out immediately upon the admission of the external air, or were, by mechanical contrivances instantly extinguished; thus disappointing the curiosity or

cupidity of invaders of the tomb. Rosicrucius, the mystic, alchemist, and philosopher, is said to have discovered the secret of the composition of these ancient lamps; and the story concerning his sepulchre will be found in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*.

Damascus Blades.—“The fabrication of these celebrated sabres, if ever it existed in Damascus, is completely lost and forgotten; none are produced now but of the commonest temper;—(is not this also the case with the equally celebrated Spanish blades?)—and one only meets with old weapons, good for little, at the armourers’ shops. M. de Lamartine in vain sought for a sabre or poniard of the ancient, valued temper. Such sabres are, however, occasionally brought from Khorrassan, a province of Persia; but even there they are no longer fabricated. A certain number exists, which pass from owner to owner like precious relics, and are of inestimable value. The blade of one which was presented to M. de Lamartine, cost the Pasha 5,000 piastres, about 63*l*. The Turks and Arabs, who estimate these blades more highly than diamonds, would give all they had in the world for such a weapon.”—See *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 272.

Vitrified Forts.—Certain defences, well known to tourists in Scotland by the term forts, though little better, as they now stand, than bare, rude remnants of walls, or dilapidated breastworks, are objects of curiosity because vitrified, and in this state so supernaturally hardened that they resist the action of iron tools upon them. They are of dateless antiquity; and if produced by art, exped, as impenetrable bulwarks, all modern erections of the kind. The same phenomenon occurs in the Birs Nimrod, (Tower of Babel;) and those who have visited the site of ancient Babylon, and the ruins of Babel, concur in describing the bricks of which it is built, as so cemented together and hardened by vitrification, that it is impossible to detach one from another by tools of the sharpest and firmest temper. These travellers are not agreed as to whether design or accident has occasioned this impenetrable induration.

Roman Malleable Glass.—The antiquity of glass is very great, since a kiln of bricks cannot be burnt, nor a batch of pottery ware made without the clay of each undergoing some degree of vitrification. The art of working and purifying it is not, however, of very high antiquity. The first mention of glass made amongst the Romans, occurs in the reign of Tiberius, when Pliny relates that an artist had his house demolished for making glass malleable, or rather flexible; Petronius Arbitrator states that the emperor ordered the artist to be beheaded for his invention, which, no doubt, perished with him. That it was a very uncommon one, we may

infer from Aristotle, who having two problems upon glass—the first, why we see through it?—and the second, why it cannot bear beating?—the substance itself must then have been much the same in appearance and quality as it is with us. Now, if glass were ever really made malleable, the art is certainly lost; but if simply flexible, our modern ingenious exhibitors of glass-blowing and glass-working, would shortly be minus of their heads under the sway of another Tiberius.

Pigments.—The art of preparing colours, rich, vivid, and enduring as those of ancient times, is generally considered lost; see those exhibited in the temples and tombs of Egypt, and in illuminated MSS.; of which, several oriental works, preserved in our national libraries, bear a long, long prior date to the most beautiful and adorned monkish missals, &c. We have gained immeasurably over the ancients in drawing, perspective, and other artistical adjuncts, but must cede to them the pre-eminence in the richness and durability of the pigments they employed.

Venice Glasses.—We read of drinking glasses manufactured at Venice, which had the property of exploding upon the introduction of a poisoned liquid into them. Mrs. Radcliffe has availed herself of the opinion in *Udolpho*; and Byron thus adverts to it in *The Two Foscari*, act v., scene 1.—

Doge.—I feel athirst; will no one bring me here a cup of water?

I take yours, Loredano, from the hand
Most fit for such an hour as this.

Lor.—Why so?

Doge.—'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has
Such pure antipathy to poisons, as
To burst if aught of venom touches it.

Lor.—Well, sir?

Doge.—Then it is false, or you are true;
For my own part, I credit neither: 'tis
An idle legend.

Decidedly, the art of making such glasses, if ever they were made, is now amongst the things which be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Manners and Customs.

MARRIAGES OF THE GUICHOLA INDIANS.*

In complexion, features, hair, and eyes, (says Captain Lyon,) I could trace a very great resemblance between these Indians and the Esquimaux; who are, however, somewhat shorter, and more corpulent. They are said to be a very peaceable, inoffensive race, when sober; but quite outrageous in their drunken fits, when their quarrels are very sanguinary. Their marriages are conducted in the following curious manner:—It is the custom for a man to take his intended wife on trial; and if, after an indefinite time, he takes a liking to her, they are then married by a priest or

frias, who once a-year goes round to perform this ceremony, and to christen, perhaps, the offspring of half the newly married couples. Should the female not give satisfaction, she may be returned to her parents; and the women who have been thus discarded, are generally taken again on trial, and ultimately married.

W. G. C.

MARRIAGES IN CAUBUL.

The following singular custom of women choosing their husbands prevails among the Viceroy's, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive district in Caubul, among the mountains between Persia and India:—when a woman is pleased with a man, (says the Hon. Mr. M. Elphinstone,) she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin which she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer, having watched an opportunity, does this in public, at the same time naming the woman, whom the man is obliged to marry immediately, if he can pay her price to her father.

W. G. C.

A TANTIAN EXCHANGE.

DURING our residence at Otaheite, (says a recent traveller,) a man of low rank, sent a great, black hog through the district, with an intimation to all whom it might concern, that he wanted thirty-six fathoms of cloth. The carcass was carried from house to house, but no one would receive it, nor could any company of neighbours be persuaded to take it; the practice being, in such a case, that those who taste of the flesh, are bound to do their portion of the work, or furnish their quota of the commodity required. Being unable to dispose of it among his neighbours, he forwarded it to the king, who not being at home, the queen received it, and ordered it to be cooked. A number of women who had themselves rejected the overture, hearing that the queen had accepted it, and, at the same time, knowing that she must manufacture the whole quantity of cloth with her own hands, unless voluntary assistance were given, *aroha'd her*, that is, had compassion on her. This was accomplished by their going to her and partaking of the dressed hog; after which, each of them made a portion of the quantity demanded, which was soon completed, and sent to the poor man's house.

W. G. C.

BURMESE EDUCATION.

THE Burmans are, generally, better educated than any people of the East. This (says Mr. Crawford,) is chiefly owing to the institution of monasteries, and the instruction of youth by the priests, being considered a kind of religious duty. Boys begin to go to school from eight to ten years of age. The monasteries being the only schools, and the priests,

* Around Bolanos, South America.

generally, the only teachers, education is entirely eleemosynary; the children even live at the Kyaungs, the parents only making occasional presents to the priests. The children, in return for their education, serve their tutors in a menial capacity; which is considered no discredit, whatever may be their rank. They are instructed for about six hours in the day. Education consists in reading, writing, and the four common rules of arithmetic. The nuns, or priestesses, instruct girls in reading; but few females are taught to write: even reading is not general among them. The following account of the state of education among these people, is given by Mr. Judson:—scholars are considered capable of reading and writing when they are able to repeat and copy the *Then-pong-kyi*, or spelling-book, and the *Men-ga-la-thock*, or moral lessons. Their arithmetical knowledge is almost confined to the multiplication table. Those who aspire to the character of learned, advance from the elements of knowledge to the study of *Baden*, or astrology, and that of the Pali language, which is studied in the *Thaddu-kyau*, or grammar, in eight divisions, and in various parts of the Buddhist Scriptures.

W. G. C.

SYRIAN CHRISTIANS OF MALAYALA.

THERE are, (says a recent traveller,) fifty-seven churches of these Christians; the congregations belonging to which is reckoned at 70,000 persons, who consider themselves the true descendants of the flock established by St. Thomas. From the effects of the influence exercised formerly among them by the papal see, their rites and ceremonies have an analogy, in many points, to those of the Roman Catholic church: they acknowledge the seven sacraments; make use of oil; practise auricular confession; and say masses for the repose of the souls of the dead. The number of churches of the Syro-Roman communion is ninety-seven, having congregations to the extent of 90,000 persons, besides converts from other tribes.

W. G. C.

CURIOUS MUNICIPAL CHARTER.

By an old charter of Folkestone, called the *Custumal*, if any person refused to serve the office of mayor when duly elected, the freemen were at liberty to pull his house down.

W. G. C.

THE HYDROTES.

One of the most interesting spots in Greece, is the small island of Hydra, which lies off the cliff promontory of Argolis, at the distance of about twenty miles from Nauplia. This barren rock, unsheltered by a single tree, (says a modern traveller,) was fixed upon, about the middle of the last century, by a number of refugees from the Continent,

as a place where they could hope to establish their humble navy, and prosecute their commercial enterprises, undisturbed by the oppressions and vexations to which they were constantly subjected on the main land. As their projects succeeded and their wealth increased, the Hydrotres were able to purchase an immunity from any Turkish authority; and partly from this unusual degree of freedom, and still more from their skill and hardihood, they rapidly advanced both in property and population: and in a short time after their first establishment, they had engrossed a considerable portion of the commerce of the Archipelago. The Hydrotres form a strong contrast with the rest of their countrymen. They dress somewhat differently, never carry arms, and the expression of their countenance is more manly, and, at the same time, more benignant than that of the generality of the Continental Greeks. They are remarkably clean in their dress and in their persons, as well as in their habitations, which are usually comfortable, and even luxurious, the courtyards being paved with white marble, and the floors often carpeted. The contrast, in these particulars, with the rest of Greece, is truly striking.

W. G. C.

AFRICAN WARFARE.

(From the MS. Journal of a Marine.)

ABOUT twenty miles from Acra, on the coast of Africa, there is an extensive plain called Dedoua, with numerous bushes scattered over it. Here it was that a battle was fought, in 1826, between the Acra tribes, aided by the African corps, and the Ashantees, commanded by their monarch, which lasted eight hours, and was finished by both parties throwing away their guns, and falling to it with their knives. One of our allies, determined to capture, or kill, the Ashantee king, rushed upon him, and twice plunged his knife into his body; but, at this moment, receiving a bullet in his head, he was fain to bite the dust; and the king escaped. Many of the women, especially on the side of the enemy, displayed considerable courage, no small number being killed while fighting most gallantly. During the battle, the Africans practised the greatest barbarities upon each other, the slayer not being contented with depriving the slain of their heads, but cutting their bodies in pieces; and one Acra man was observed with eleven corpses around him, which he was decollating with the utmost sang froid. The accounts of the forces engaged were so various, that it is difficult to ascertain which among them is the most correct: the number of the enemy is supposed to have been from 12,000 to 18,000, and of our allies to about 10,000. Of the former, 5,000 were said to have been killed, and 1,500 taken; while our able warriors had 800 killed, and 1,200 wounded.

The Queen of Akim, a brave little virago who wore a necklace of musket bullets, went in pursuit of the discomfited enemy, resolved to avenge upon them the destruction of her capital, which they had burnt.

I saw a great number of skulls, jawbones, &c., of which the first were affixed to the war-drums, and the second to other musical instruments of the conquerors; the teeth being extracted were strung as bracelets, the owners considering these a protection against wild beasts and sharks. Amongst the curiosities found upon the field were the Aahantee king's pipe, and a beautiful zone, or belt worn by one of his queens, both of pure gold; a bracelet of the same metal weighing 13½ ounces, and worth 60*l.*, &c., &c. Throughout the encounter, the king frequently scattered gold-dust over the field of battle, hoping thereby to propitiate his deities. The Acra country abounds in hyenas—what a feast they must have enjoyed at the expense of the pugnacious disputants who threw away their lives at Dedoual.

The Naturalist.

THE SHARK.

(From the *M.S. Journal of a Mariner*.)

ON our voyage from Australia, we caught a singular species of shark, ten feet in length, and five in girth, with a long snout, and four rows of most formidable teeth; the gullet was entirely empty, which I have always found to be the case, with one exception, where it contained some quids of tobacco thrown overboard by our people. Adhering to the back were several sucker-fish, but no pilot-fish were observed. It is an error to suppose the shark is obliged to turn upon its back in order to seize an object, as it merely inclines a little on one side; and the opinion that this is the only monster of the deep accompanied by pilot-fish is equally erroneous, as I once saw a sun-fish, (a species of ray, sometimes 18 feet long and 14 wide,) attended by sixteen of them. Landmen must be greatly amused at the intense delight manifested by sailors, when they have hooked a sea lawyer, as they term the shark; every person, from the captain to the cabin-boy, evincing the utmost eagerness in preventing its escape; but the uproar on board, and the splashing of the finny monster alongside, are sometimes apt to alarm, for the moment, those persons who are unaccustomed to such riotous sport, as until they have discovered the cause and nature of the unusual turmoil, they are led to fancy something more serious is the matter. On one occasion, I witnessed the capture of a large shark; of which, while one portion was undergoing the culinary operation, the tail part was quivering, and showing a still considerable muscular power, on deck; but many

fish retain this apparent vitality after they have been cut in two, a cod having once quite startled me by raising its tail after the entrails had been removed. Travellers, however, often see strange sights, and this of *living dead fish* is one of them. I have eaten of most of the fish generally met with at sea; such as the whale, porpoise, shark, bonito, baracouts, albacore, dolphin, and one or two others; but cannot speak very highly of them as an article of diet. The flesh of the two first resembles coarse beef; that of the shark is absolutely abominable, nor would aught save extreme hunger induce me to taste of it again; the others are tolerable, the last, when of small size, being the best flavoured; but they are at times in the highest degree unwholesome, and I twice saw dreadful effects arise from eating them, those persons who had taken even a small quantity, being attacked by most violent cholera and vomiting, which lasted many hours, and well nigh terminated in death. The whale, however, appears entirely innoxious, and affords a welcome and grateful repast to the Bermudians, especially the blacks, who are not too abundantly supplied with other meat; if, therefore, the reader should ever catch one, (a whale, not a Bermudian,) he may have it cooked for his dinner without any fear of the consequences—unless he devours the whole.

ENORMOUS CARP.

A few days since, there was to be seen at the shop of Mr. T. Grove, fishmonger, of Charing Cross, a prodigious carp, in very fine condition, and weighing twenty-two pounds; nearly four feet in length, and thirty inches in girth at the belly. It had been sent from the estate of a gentleman in the vicinity of Hampton; it did not appear to have been taken with the angle, but was, more probably, found in clearing out an old fish-pond.

THE COLOMBIA RIVER STURGEON.

(*Acipenser Transmontanus*.—Richardson.)

The sturgeons resemble the sharks in their general form, but their bodies are defended by bony shields, disposed in longitudinal rows; and their head is also well cuirassed externally. Sturgeons ascend rivers in shoals, for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of some are confined entirely to fresh water; others pass a part of the year in the sea. They are particularly abundant in the seas and rivers of northern Asia, and are of great importance, in an economical point of view to the various nations under the Russian sway. Caviar is made from the roe, in glass from the air-bladder, the flesh is eaten fresh, salted, or preserved by aromatic substances, and even the ligamento-cartilaginous cord which pervades the spine, constitutes a Russian delicacy named *ceirgu*.



(The Colombia River Sturgeon.)

The sturgeons of North America, though almost equally numerous with those of Asia, are of comparatively little benefit to the natives. A few speared in the summer time, suffice for the temporary support of some Indian hordes; but none are preserved for winter use, and the roe and sounds are utterly wasted. The northern limit of the sturgeon in America is, probably, between the 55th and 56th parallels of latitude. Dr. Richardson has not met with any account of its existence to the northward of Stewart's Lake, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains; and, on the east side, it does not go higher than the Saskatchewan and its tributaries. It is not found in Churchill River, nor in any of the branches of the Mackenzie or other streams that fall into the Arctic Sea—a remarkable circumstance, when we consider that some species swarm in the Asiatic rivers which flow into the Ice Sea. Sturgeons occur in all the great lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, and also along the whole Atlantic coast of the United States down to Florida. Peculiar species inhabit the Mississippi: it is, therefore, probable that the range of the genus extends to the Gulf of Mexico.

The sturgeon-fishery of Pine Island Lake, whose waters fall into the Saskatchewan, is most productive in the summer, a stray individual being very rarely taken at other seasons. The sturgeons make their first appearance when the river breaks up in the spring, and the lake is flooded with muddy water. The great rapid which forms the discharge of the Saskatchewan into Lake Winnipeg, appears quite alive with these fish in the month of June; and some families of the natives resort thither at that time, to spear them with a harpoon, or grapple them with a strong hook tied to a pole. Notwithstanding the great muscular power of the sturgeon, it is timid, and Dr. Richardson has seen one so frightened by the paddling of a canoe, that it ran its nose into the muddy bank, and was taken by a *coyagour*, who leaped upon its back. The Saskatchewan

sturgeon weighs from ten to twenty pounds, and rarely attains the weight of sixty: June is the principal spawning time, but individuals filled with roe have been killed in every season of the year.

Two specimens of a sturgeon which Dr. Richardson has named *acipenser transmontanus*, were sent to him, during the late Northern Land Expeditions, under Captain Sir John Franklin, by Dr. Gairdner, from Fort Vancouver, accompanied by the following notice:—"The small species attains eleven feet in length, and a weight of six hundred pounds.* It enters the Colombia early in March every year, and is caught as high up as Fort Colville, notwithstanding the numerous intervening cataracts and rapids, which seem to be insuperable barriers to a fish so sluggish in its movements. It disappears about the month of September. It is termed by the Chenooks *kutlook*, and in the language of the Cascade Indians, *nakhun*."

The Colombia River sturgeon belongs either to the *sturio* or *sterletus*, two of the four groups into which Brandt has divided the genus, the approximation or remoteness of the shields by which these two forms are characterized, not being very precise as a practical mark of distinction. Its snout is broad, as in the common sturgeon, but much more depressed, and its mouth is comparatively large. The colours are—body and top of the head of a hne intermediate between yellowish and bluish grey, partially iridescent; shields ash-grey, giving a spotted appearance to the back; sides silvery white, with faint, vertical, bluish-grey bands; belly white.

Our acknowledgment for the original of the wood-cut, and the above details, is due to Dr. Richardson's *Northern Zoology*, already noticed and quoted at pp. 23 and 24 of the present volume.

* The *Auro* is reported by Pallas to attain a weight of nearly three thousand pounds, and a length exceeding thirty feet.

New Books.

TRAITS AND TRIALS OF EARLY LIFE.

By L. E. L., Author of the Improvisatrice, &c.

["THIS volume," says its highly gifted writer, "is of a different order from those of mine which the public have hitherto received with such indulgence." "My object has been rather to interest than to amuse; to excite the imagination through the softening medium of the feelings. Sympathy is the surest destruction of selfishness. Children, like the grown person, grow the better for participation in the sufferings where their own share is pity. They are also the better for the generous impulse which leads them to rejoice in the hope and happiness of others, though themselves have nothing in common with the objects of their emotion." Such is the aim of the principal narratives; and it would be difficult to convey to the reader how touchingly this object is accomplished. The little heroes and heroines of the stories have many of the finest feelings of our nature, and so delicately are they drawn, that we may take them as actual portraits. Their simplicity is charming, and their traits of affection, fidelity, and gratitude to those from whom they receive kindnesses, are all beautifully coloured. Some of the incidents are tinged with sadness, the little, laughing eyes are "dimmed with childish tears;" but the results show "patience, fortitude, and affection to be ever strong in obtaining the mastery over" the troubles of this life. Hope succeeds disappointment, and despair is never allowed to becloud the scenes of childhood. Besides the prose narratives, from which we shall quote hereafter, there are a few poems scattered through the volume, so as "to make one taste cultivate another." Here is a specimen:—]

The Soldier's Home.

Thus spoke the aged wanderer,
A kind old man was he,
Smoothing the fair child's golden hair,
Who sat upon his knee:—
"Tis now some fifteen years or more,
Since to your town I came,
And, though a stranger, made my home
Where no one knew my name.
"I did not seek your pleasant woods,
Where the green linnets sing—
Nor yet your meadows, for the sake
Of any living thing.
"For fairer is the little town,
And brighter is the tide,
And pleasanter the woods that hang
My native river's side.
"Or such, at least, they seemed to me—
I spent my boyhood there;
And memory, in looking back,
Makes every thing more fair.
"But half a century has past,
Since last I saw their face;
God hath appointed me, at length,
Another resting place.

"I have gone east—I have gone west:
I served in that brave band
Which fought beneath the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient land.
"I saw the Nile swell o'er its banks,
And bury all around;
And when it ebbed, the fertile land
Was like fair garden ground.
"I saw the golden Ganges, next,
No meadow is so green
As the bright fields of vastest Asia
Beside its waters men.
"There grows the mournful poplar tree,
Whose boughs are scented o'er
The doorway of the warrior's house,
When he returns no more.
"I followed where our colours led,
In many a hard-won day:
From ocean to the Pyrenees,
Old England fought her way.
"I had a young companion then—
My own, my only child!—
The darkest watch, the longest march,
His laugh and song beguiled.
"He was as cheerful as the lark
That singeth in the sky;
His comrades gladdened on their way,
Where'er his step drew nigh.
"But he was wounded, and was sent
To join a homeward band;
Thank God, he drew his latest breath
Within his native land.
"I shared in all our victories,
But sad they were to me;
I only saw the one pale face
That was beyond the sea.
"Peace came at last, and I was sent,
With many more to roam;
There were glad partings then, for most
Had some accustomed home.
"I took my medal, and with that
I crossed the salt sea wave;
Others might seek their native vales,
I only sought a grave.
"I knew that, on his homeward march,
My gallant boy had died;
I knew that he had found a grave
By yonder river's side.
"The summer sun-set, soft and warm,
Seemed as it blest the sleep
Of that low grave, which held my child,
O'er which I longed to weep.
"The aged yew-trees' sweeping boughs
A solemn shadow spread;
And many a growth of old flowers
Their soothing fragrances shed.
"But there were weeds upon his grave:
None watch'd the stranger's tomb,
And bade, amid its long, green grass,
The spring's sweet children bloom.
"You know the spot—our old churchyard
Has no such grave beside:
The primrose and the violet
There blossom in their pride.
"It is my only task on earth—
It is my only joy,
To keep throughout the seasons fair,
The green sod of my boy.

* Not a traveller but alludes to the beautiful appearance of the country, when the annual overflowing of the Nile, in Egypt, has subsided. Many use the very expression in the text, that it is "like a fair garden."

† It is a custom with some of the Hindoo tribes to strew branches of the poplar tree before the door when the chief of the house has fallen in battle.

"Nor kin nor kindness have I lacked;
 All here have been my friends:
 And with a blessing at its close,
 My lengthened wayfare ends."
 "And now my little Edward knows
 The cause why here I dwell;
 And how I trust to have my grave
 By his I love so well."

[To our mind of praise need scarcely be added a cordial recommendation of this treasure of a volume for young persons: its perusal will imprint upon their tender hearts many a kindly lesson of virtue, and instil into their minds precepts which point to happiness here and hereafter.]

THE GOSSIP'S WEEK.

The Feiled Book.

(Concluded from page 112.)

"Now that they are gone," continued the count, turning to the traveller, and without appearing to notice his sister's remark, "I must explain to you, sir, who may perhaps think the conversation which you have just heard somewhat singular, that this castle of ours enjoys the reputation of being haunted. My wife and myself being (he added good-humouredly) what are called philosophers, have not the gift of ghost-seeing; and feeling attached to our forests and our antique abode, and very sincerely believing that we with our family are the only tenants of—"

"What, my brother!" exclaimed Madame de Versac, "have you forgotten the great staircase? I would as lievs lodge in a charnel-house, as suffer what I have done for the last three nights."

"Nor shall you suffer it longer," said her brother affectionately.

"What a horrible state of mind!" said the stranger, gravely.

"Horrible indeed!" returned the count, "and more so even than you can imagine. Think of the terrors over which daylight has no power. If a hawk of country wares stops at my gate, my sister bolts her door, and cries out from her window, 'For the love of heaven, send him away! I do not let him enter! who knows what he may be?' Yesterday a pedlar from Alsace opened his pack to tempt the servant-girls. Had it been Mesmer himself—"

"O, do not speak of him!" cried Madame de Versac: "ill-luck attends the mention of his name. You have no doubt heard of him, sir?"

"I have heard him named," replied the stranger, "but I think he was before my time."

"And will be after," said she hastily.

"He is of all times," said she, "You speak, no doubt, of that Mesmer who lived long amongst the people of the East, and learned their secrets: of him, who, it was said, conversed with the dead; who

dwelt with the cormorant and the bittern, and made his habitation with the screech-owl and the dragon. I have heard of him in the Levant, where the belief went that he was the Wandering Jew; at Venice they held him to be one and the same as that Signor Gualdi, the renowned magician, or more probably alchemist, of whose story they have strange records. But these are idle dreams. Mesmer is,—that is I should deem him to have been,—nothing more than an unhappy man whom despair, and travel, and some knowledge of the occult sciences, had rendered mystical; a man wrenched out of society by unlawful violence,—crushed, trampled on, and driven by oppression to share the den of the outlaw, and forget the heart's charities in the unnatural solitude, or more unnatural companionship, into which he had been forced by the despotism of injustice."

"An elevated Cagliostro," said the count, "but with this difference,—that the one was an impostor, the other probably under the influence of mental delusion."

The traveller was silent. A long pause ensued, when turning abruptly towards the count, he said, "May I inquire how long this castle has laboured under its evil reputation?"

"Not more than twelve months. About so long ago, my eldest son, who had just entered the army and was in garrison at Strasbourg, stumbled on a book of demonology, belonging to a student who dabbled in profane knowledge. Being of a deeply imaginative character, all that has a colouring of mystery takes strong hold of his mind; and among many tales of darkness, one—owing to local circumstances—so fastened itself upon it, that he was tempted to transcribe it from the book for the purpose of sending it to me;—an unlucky communication, for since that hour, my house has been set down as the scene of the ghostly legend."

The traveller expressed a strong desire to be permitted to see the manuscript; to which the count assenting, Madame de Versac rang for her women, who instantly made their appearance, each bearing a thick wax candle, lighted, and accompanied by Madame de Mortemain, quitted the room.

None now remained of the social circle but the traveller and his host, who having piled fresh wood upon the fire drew closer to it, and opening the manuscript read as follows:—

"There still exists in the province of Champagne, in France, a castle of great antiquity, though modern fashions have partly changed its aspect, and which, in the old time of the civil wars, had been the scene of many strange events and deadly tragedies. Particular circumstances had estranged its owners from their native land, and its only inhabitants at the period of which the story now about to be related treats, were a farmer

and his family, who looked after the lands and occupied a corner of the castle.

"It might be about thirty years ago, that, things being as now described, a person of singular appearance came late one evening to the castle gate, and rang the bell. The farmer himself opened it, and admitted the stranger, who was on foot and alone; and he having entered the house, and finding it to his liking, proposed to the willing husbandman that he should lodge him for a few nights, and counting down an exaggerated recompense, shortly after retired—as it seemed—to rest.

"The chamber which the unknown visitor had chosen, was a spacious one, opening on a gallery that communicated with the rest of the house by a staircase leading to the lower apartments. Near to the foot of this staircase was a door, and when that door was barred, it seemed to cut off all intercourse with any other part of the building. So thought the stranger, who having carefully examined the bolts, fastened them with caution, and securing the door of his chamber, believed himself safe from human intrusion. But he had overlooked a narrow issue which led from an obscure corner of the gallery to a back stairs terminating in a sort of passage, that conducted to a remote apartment occupied by some part of the farmer's family.

"In this family there lived as servant a young woman, who had been always remarkable, even in her childhood when, like another Genevieve, she watched her master's sheep upon the hills, for her dark and daring spirit, her simple yet inquiring credulity, and serious faith in all that was wild and marvellous. In time of peril and dissension, she might, like Joan of Arc, have believed herself ordained to fight or prophesy; but as it was, she was such as humble circumstances and want of knowledge had made her,—bold, curious, visionary, with a memory that teemed with tales of fiends, and ghosts, and necromancers, and a firm belief in all.

"She had spelt the countenance and listened to the speech of the unknown man long and attentively, and while so doing became suddenly struck with the thought that he was, if not himself a foul spirit, at least one of those dark men to whom—having paid the deadly price—all unholy things are familiar. Thus thinking, her curiosity became so strongly excited, that she resolved to gratify it at all risks; and when the stranger considered himself as shut out from the neighbourhood of eye or ear, she had ascended the narrow staircase, and stood at the door of his chamber, with her face glued, as it were, to the panel.

"Two voices spoke within: she held her breath. They talked together in an unknown tongue; one was the voice of a woman, a strange voice, with a mocking laugh in it.

She looked through the keyhole; a figure in a nun's veil stood near a table: she saw the hand raised up and the wide sleeve fall back from it, but nothing more, for at that moment a rush to the door showed that she was discovered.

"She fled,—steps followed rapidly; the tramp of a horse, the pawing of hoofs were heard. She gained the narrow staircase, the door at its head closed after her; the key was on her side, so that it could not be opened from the corridor. She stopped to take breath; it was but for an instant, but in that instant the stranger had descended the great staircase, unbarr'd the door which separated it from the rest of the house, and was in the midst of the farmer's family when she rushed in pale and breathless, her lips dry, and her wide open eyes stony with terror. On first entering, he had looked round as if he sought for something; yet when she appeared he did not seem to notice her, but lighting his lamp, which was the pretext for his untimely visit, quitted the chamber.

"The young woman, though a bold spirit, was mastered into silence by her dread of the stranger's power, and at the time said nothing. It was true that, to the eyes of others, he had not seemed to mark her entrance, but an unearthly look which he had cast on her in passing, whilst he pressed a finger against his closed lip, had sunk into her soul, and carried terror with it; but in the night, her courage returning, she disclosed what she had seen to a child who slept with her, first binding it down to secrecy. On the next day she fell into a stupor from which she never woke again, and the people of the house remained impressed with admiration of the stranger's humanity, who had himself administered to her (in the absence of medical aid) various drugs, in whose properties he appeared to be entirely skilled, and kept assiduous watch by her bedside until all was over. An apothecary from a neighbouring town, who arrived too late to be of use to the deceased, approved of all that had been done, complimented the stranger on his skill in medicine, and pronounced the young woman's death to have been caused by an attack of apoplexy.

"No more was said until the day when the corpse was borne into the church and placed on a bier before the high altar, in order that the usual rites might be performed previous to interment; when suddenly a rumour rose and spread itself throughout the assembly, that the deceased had come to her death by foul means.

"None knew whence it came; there were no persons present but the peasants of the village, besides the priest and servants of the church. No stranger, no gossip prone to idle surmising; with whom it might have seemed possible for the report to have originated; yet there it was, and one whispered it

to another, and murmurs arose, and voices swelled it into certainty. A tumultuous crowd removed the body from the church; it was opened, and proofs of poison were found within it.

"Then sprang up another rumour, and in the same mysterious way, spreading itself without voice. Some said the corpse itself had spoken, others had heard the sound but knew not how it had come to them, but all cried out that the stranger was the guilty one; and the child, who had as yet said nothing, being tongue-tied by fear, now disclosed what the deceased had revealed to her. So the people forced open his chamber, and seizing on him, conveyed him to the prison of the neighbouring town, where upon trial clear evidence of his guilt appearing, he was condemned to suffer death.

"While he was in prison, a woman visited him often; and it was said that she who did so, was human only in shape, for she was there when none could tell how she entered, and when they would have questioned her, she was gone. Voices too were heard in his cell at night,—strange voices; and yet none of this world could be there, for the bolts were strong and the jailer vigilant. When the last day came, the same woman was seen alone in the crowd, with her nun's veil pulled over her face; and as she passed, she was heard to say in a muffled tone, 'Is he come?' But none could tell her features through the hood which covered them; nor could any one approach near enough to touch or speak to her, for while you heard the rustle of her garment, she was gone.

"When all was over, the body, as is usual in such cases, was left with the executioner to be thrown into the common grave of such as die by the law, when a woman in the habit of a nun appeared in the place, (it was a solitary outhouse adjoining the dwelling of the executioner,) and claimed it as that of one who was near and dear to her,—her betrothed, she said; and on one who was near her observing that she who was the betrothed of a celestial bridegroom could have no earthly spouse, replied, 'He who says so, knows nothing; the dead bought me at the price of life, and even the life that was in his body has not paid his debt.' The executioner, who saw the gold in her hand, found her reasoning good; and she, having counted down the purchase-money—double what was asked, bade him and he went with him begone, saying that she would watch the corpse alone till nightfall, when others would come and help her to carry it away.

"Suddenly strange noises were heard in the air, and shouts, and struggling, and voices as in mockery or anger; then softer sounds, as if of sorrow or persuasion; and last of all, a wild overflowing chorus, swelling out tremulously, and strengthening as it rose into a

song of joy,—yet not perfect, but as if still wrestling for a triumph; some calling, others answering, with a conflict and thronging of voices, and a lifting up of sounds as though louder voices sang above them; while the air rang with the music of millions of bells, and they who listened heard a rush downwards as of many wings, and saw a great light in the heavens.

"And then again there was silence, and those who were in the outhouse looked round in amazement; but the nun was gone, and the gold likewise. So they entered the body, and marking the sign of the cross upon the grave-stone, returned, marvelling to their homes, and told their children and their friends the strange things which they had witnessed.

"And as a farther testimony to the truth of this narrative, there still exists the likeness of the woman, which it may be is yet in the castle. He who painted it paid dearly for his temerity; he had seen her when she bargained with the executioner, and, as some said, at other times, and had set her down according to his recollection. But he scarcely lived to finish his work, and while he did paint upon it, his mind turned to gloom and his body wasted; none knew how he came by his death, but his corpse was found at the bottom of the Wolf's Pool, and Christians who pass that way at night take care to say three Ave-Marias and one Pater-Noster before they approach the spot."

[Here ended the manuscript. After some conversation, identifying the castle of Mortemain with that described above, the stranger retires, as the family suppose, to rest, in the interdicted chamber. Emerging from thence, he finds, in the corridor, the representation of the Veiled Woman.]

He returned to his chamber, double barred his door, and lay down to rest. He slept a moment, then waking with a start, looked round him. The chamber was dark, all except one spot feebly lighted by the flickering flame of a small lamp. Suddenly the barred door burst open; a cold moonlight streamed in through the great window, lighting up the gallery ghastly. The knight was there, in the midst of the pale light, mounted on his pawing steed, his arm extended towards the door on whose threshold the stranger now stood, and raised his lamp to the face of the statue.

There was a movement in the corridor, a low rustling, a sound of something coming that had not the human step; at the same moment the door of the chamber shut behind him with a loud concussion, as if a mighty gust had forced it forward, and the traveller stood alone beside the horse and his rider.

Next morning, the count inquired for his guest; but he had gone with the first light of morning. A letter addressed to the count lay

on a table; he opened it, and read as follows:—

"The service which you rendered me last night, was far greater than you at the time imagined it to be. He whom you have served,—perhaps saved, would fain be, in return, of what use he could to you, and to your kind and virtuous family. When your sister spoke fearfully last night of that mysterious man whose name she hardly dared to pronounce, she little thought that he who sat beside her was Mesmer! that Mesmer whom persecutions, such as man never before endured, have driven almost beyond the pale of human nature.

"Receive my thanks, and rely on what I now tell you. Never again shall viewless hands toll at your gate, or other sounds than familiar ones be heard within your halls. Open your doors, remove your staircase, change the face of those chambers which fear has placed under the ban, break up the knight and his steed, and let the sound of joy be heard once more in your dwelling.

"Farewell! you have nothing to dread but from man,—the natural enemy of his species. Man, instinct with destruction, is the common foe against whom we must all combat; but of the dead—no more."

The count mused, re-read the letter, and doubted whether it was a visionary who raved, or a sage who counselled; but the advice was good, and he followed it. The doors were thrown open, the staircase removed, the face of the apartment changed, the horse and his rider sent to the foundry, and the sound of joy was once more heard in his dwelling.

Notes of a Reader.

SLEEP-TALKING.

[THE following interesting observations upon this phenomenon, are from the third of a series of lectures "On the effects of certain Mental and Bodily States upon the Imagination," by Langston Parker, Esq.; delivered by him at the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, and reported in the *Analyst*, No. 16.]

The modifications of sleep talking are extremely variable, from the use of a few incoherent expressions, to the distinct relation and long description of scenes long past, or those which are then present to the imagination. These variations depend, doubtless, upon the intensity of the dream, and upon the natural vigour of the imagination thus excited. Children are particularly liable to sleep-talking; the nervous system is, in them, so active and so easily excited, particularly in some constitutions, that a day of pleasure with their companions commonly produces sleep-talking, by reviving the events of the

day in vivid and unsettling dreams. Days of great excitement are highly injurious to some children, by thus becoming the causes of disturbed and feverish nights. A youth, about nine years old, had been visited, for several successive mornings, with attacks of sleep-talking of rather an extraordinary character. He would, for half an hour, hunt a pack of hounds, as appeared by his hallooing and calling the dogs by their names, and discoursing with the attendants of the chase; describing exactly a day of hunting, which he had witnessed a year before, going through all the most minute circumstances of it; calling to people who were then present, and lamenting the absence of others who were then also absent. He then sang an English, and then an Italian song; part of them with his eyes open, and part with them closed, but could not be awakened or excited by any violence which it was proper to use. Reasoning metaphysically upon this case, the hunting scene appears to have been rather an act of the memory than the imagination, attended with the pleasurable eagerness which was the consequence of those ideas recalled by recollection.

Some occurrences of this nature are most singular, and cannot be well explained by the laws of ontology, as far as they are at present known. A very elegant and ingenious young lady had an attack of sleep-talking on alternate days, which continued nearly the whole day; and as on her days of disorder she took up the same kind of ideas which she had conversed about, in her sleep, the day but one before, and could recollect nothing of them on the day she was well, she appeared to her friends to possess two minds. Now, it is probable, (for Dr. Darwin who relates this case, does not inform us of the fact,) that the subject of this lady's sleep, discourses, and revelations, were some previous occurrences, of a melancholy or secret nature, which she did not choose to reveal to her friends, but which, constantly preying upon and exciting her mind, produced that excess of sleep-disturbance which characterised her malady.

Many examples of this kind are to be found in real life, and in the poets. Great crimes, from precisely similar circumstances, have been revealed during sleep. Memory—busy, meddling memory—haunts them by its harrowing dreams; and the disclosure (which involves life itself, and which is guarded when the judgment is awake by all the watchfulness of suspicion) is made with its attendant circumstances, when the memory and the imagination escape in dreams, from her controlling power. Byron's description of the dreams of Paraisina, in which is revealed her guilty love for Hugo, is an illustration in point:—

"But fever'd in her sleep she dreams,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams."

And matters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day."

Dreams of great power are seldom unaccompanied by sleep-talking, when they do not at once rouse the whole of the mental and corporeal faculties into action. It matters not of what character they may be; but, certainly, those which relate to our own immediate circumstances, above all if these happen to be of a more critical nature than ordinary, are most apt to occasion this phenomenon.

The cases of sleep-talking which have excited most attention, are those in which great crimes have been disclosed. The sickness of heart, the weariness and brokenness of spirit, which must attend minds thus diseased, prevent all true sleep: theirs is a trouble for which the freshness of morning, the splendour of noon, and the repose of evening offer neither alleviation nor relief—which waking does not dissipate, nor sleep drown—which casts a gloom over all the beauties of nature—which the revolving seasons change not—which eats like a canker into all our joys—which embitters all the sweetness of existence, and dashes a polluting ingredient of unmingled misery into our hopes, our wishes, and our comforts. This is wretchedness for which there is no sympathy, it is but to be disclosed to be abhorred—it is a mill-stone hanging over us by a thread, from the impending of which we know no escape—a cave, through whose adamant sides there is no exit; and we know that our misery—our unutterable misery—is not for an hour, for a day, for a year—but, for ever. This state of mind, destroying all natural repose, has been analyzed in the most masterly and perfect manner by Shakspeare, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. Immediately after the murder of Duncan, the imagination of Macbeth at once opens to him, as the most appalling evil which could befall him, that he should never again know calm repose: his fancy rings in his ears, with the voice and accents of a demon, that peace has for ever flown: "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!' 'Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;'

"Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The birth of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

And then, accumulating, as it were, the concentration of all human misery upon him, he continues,—

"Still I cry'd 'sleep no more!' to all the house.
'Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

This appears to strike all minds, like the punishment of Cain, that it was a retribution too great to bear; and all the great actors who have personated this character—Garriek, John Kemble, Kean, Young, and Macready—throw expressions of the most acute agony into the words "Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Macbeth, when visited by the physician, who informs him that his queen is not so sick, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest, is aware from what source the indisposition proceeds, and directs his mode of cure by recommending his attention to the state of his patient's mind, in one of the most pathetic passages of this noble play:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

We now revert to the scene in which Lady Macbeth is introduced as a somnambulist and sleep-talker, disclosing, by fragments, the past scenes of her guilty life. And here the poet, as in the cases of insanity in *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Ophelia*, has shown himself a correct physiologist, and a judicious metaphysician. As in the case of the youth, which I have related, and in most others of inveterate sleep-talking, we have the memory playing a part almost as important as the imagination, and Lady Macbeth's mind constantly dwells upon her remembrance of the murders of Duncan and Banquo. She is transported by the imagination of her dream, as we learn from her disclosures during sleep, to the castle of her husband, as Thane of Cawdor, and the daggers, the bell, and the bleeding Duncan are present to her fancy, with all the attendant scenery of that awful hour. She is introduced attempting to wash spots of blood from her hand, to clean which appears an attempt as vain, as to cast an oblivion over the truth of her memory or the wanderings of her imagination:—"Out, damned spot! Will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. To bed—to bed; there's knocking at the gate; come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed—to bed—to bed." Nothing can exceed the fidelity of this illustration. Reality itself is not more true to nature, than this fictitious character to these instances of sleep-talking depending upon similar causes or intense mental anxiety.

The milder forms of this affection, which, apart from bodily indisposition, depend merely upon an irritable and restless state of mind, are, in most instances, relieved by the administration of opium before the attack. As its invasion is, in general, periodical, and its paroxysms pretty regular in occurrence, the person should be awake about an hour before the attack is expected, and opium freely given; so that its effects may be in full operation at the time of the usual occurrence of the disease. When this affection depends, as it commonly does, upon bodily disorder, it will be removed or mitigated only in propor-

tion as its exciting cause is lessened or altogether removed; and, of course, the indiscriminate use of opium in such cases cannot be too severely condemned.

PHRENOLOGY—COMBATIVENESS.

ONE of the most efficacious modes employed by Dr. Gall to determine the functions of the different parts of the brain, was to observe, at every opportunity, the heads of persons distinguished by any peculiarity of disposition or talent, and to note in what particular region a large development appeared in them all. Having, in the course of his researches, collected in his house a number of persons belonging to the lower ranks, such as porters and hackney-coachmen, his attention was drawn to the fact, that while some individuals were spoken of by their comrades as remarkable for provoking disputes and contentions, there were others, of a pacific disposition, whom they regarded with contempt, and called poltroons. "As the most quarrelsome," says Gall, "found great pleasure in giving me very circumstantial narratives of their exploits, I was anxious to see whether any thing was to be found in the heads of these heroes which distinguished them from those of the poltroons. I ranged the quarrellers on one side, and the peaceable on the other, and examined carefully the heads of both. I found that, in all the quarrellers, the head, immediately behind and on a level with the top of the ears, was much broader than in the poltroons. On other occasions, I assembled separately, those who were most distinguished for their bravery, and those who were most distinguished for their cowardice. I repeated my researches, and found my first observations confirmed. I therefore began to conjecture, that an inclination to contention, (*penchant aux rixes*), might really be the result of a particular organ. I endeavoured to find out, on the one hand, men of acknowledged superior bravery, and, on the other, men known to be great cowards. At the combats of wild beasts, at that time exhibited in Vienna, there appeared a first-rate fighter of extreme intrepidity, who often presented himself in the arena to sustain, alone, a fight with a wild boar or a bull, or any ferocious animal whatever. I found in him the region of the head just pointed out, very broad and rounded (*bombée*.) I took a cast of this head, and likewise of those of some other braves, that I might run no risk of forgetting their particular conformations. I examined also the heads of some of my comrades, who had been expelled from several universities for continual duel-fighting. Among these was one who knew no greater pleasure than that of establishing himself in an alehouse, and mocking the workmen who came thither to drink,—and

when he saw them disposed to come to blows, putting out the lights, and giving them battle in the dark, chair in hand. He was, in appearance, a little and weakly man. He reminded me of another of my comrades, a Swiss, who used to amuse himself at Strasburg, by provoking quarrels with men much stronger and bigger than himself. I visited several schools, and had pointed out to me the scholars who were the most quarrelsome, and those who were the most cowardly. I prosecuted the same observations in the families of my acquaintance. In the course of my researches, my attention was arrested by a very handsome young woman, who, from her childhood, had been fond of dressing herself in male attire, and going secretly out of doors to fight with the blackguards in the streets. After her marriage, she constantly sought occasion to fight with men. When she had guests at dinner, she challenged the strongest of them, after the repast, to wrestle with her. I likewise knew a lady who, although of small stature and delicate constitution, was often judicially summoned, because of her custom of striking her domestics of both sexes. When she was on a journey, two drunken wagoners, having lost their way in the inn during the night, entered the chamber where she was sleeping, alone: she received them with such vigour with the candlesticks which she hurled at their heads, and the chairs with which she struck them, that they were forced to betake themselves to flight. In all these persons I found the region in question formed in the manner above described, although the heads were shaped, in other respects, quite differently. These observations emboldened me, and I began thenceforward to speak, in my lectures, of an *organ of courage*, as I then called it.—*Phrenological Journal*.

THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

[We note the following from Mr. James's *History of Edward the Black Prince*, scarcely published.]

The battle of Poitiers, on Monday, the 19th day of September, A. D. 1356, was the most extraordinary victory that the annals of the world can produce; and yet, before two centuries had passed, the spot where those mighty deeds were enacted had become unknown. In an after age, the point was eagerly investigated, and keenly contested; but at length, in 1743, the exact position of the English army seems to have been ascertained. Nevertheless, few of the people of Poitiers, or the neighbouring villages, can give any information relating to the subject, and the traveller who expects to find that famous field as well known as its importance deserves, will be much mistaken. He will search for it long before he finds it; but if he seek out

a peasant's house called *les Bordes*, near some tall trees, he may be led to the ground where the Black Prince was intrenched, and hear all that those who dwell upon the spot know of the battle of Poitiers.

The vineyard mentioned by Froissart, is no longer there, and the hedges have disappeared; but still the hollow way between its steep banks is to be seen, and the intrenchments of the English camp may yet be traced. The peasant, too, declares that in ploughing the slope towards Poitiers he frequently turns up human bones and rusty armour, and heads of arrows. At a little farm-house, too, not far from the spot, some broken lances and large bones are shown; and that is all that now remains to attest the field of Poitiers.

Man may well ask his own heart, as he passes over the spot, "Is this all, indeed?—all for which so many heroes have died—to be forgotten—to have this their very burial places scarcely known—the glorious feats and gallant actions, which, even in dying, they thought would be immortal, overwhelmed beneath the lumber of history, or blotted out by fresh comments on the same bloody theme—the thrones they fought for, and the lands they won, passed unto other dynasties, and all the objects of their mighty daring as unachieved as if they had not been?"

[We promise ourselves the pleasure of returning to this very delightful work in our next Number, wherein we hope to exhibit to the reader the skill and taste with which Mr. James has blended the philosophic facts of history with the lighter emanations of a mind imbued with a poetic veneration for the glories of past ages, and gifted with eloquence to commemorate their splendour. In glancing at this work, by the way, it is impossible not to be struck with the truth of the oft-made remark—that genius invests with new interest whatever subject it touches.]

The Gatherer.

Self-deception.—With all the duplicity of this wicked world, few of us succeed in deceiving others so completely as we succeed, without effort, in deceiving ourselves.—*Mrs. Armytage.*

London Architecture.—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* attributes the overloaded ornament of modern London to the free use of stucco, and the unfortunate circumstances of stone or marble not being found in the neighbourhood of London. He adds: "if the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square had been constructed of stone, it would never have exhibited the pepper-boxes and vitiated taste, which make all England blush, who recollect the Louvre or the Vatican. Had Buckingham House been built, as it should have been, of freestone or marble, it would

never have exhibited that overloaded ornament and unbecoming proportion, which, notwithstanding much beauty of detail, render it no fit palace for the Kings of England."

The late Emperor Alexander, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically:—"Alas! Madam, I am nothing but a happy accident."

Rare Virtue.—The paucity of some persons' good actions, reminds one of Jonathan Wild, who was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it.

Napoleon.—Chambertin was Napoleon's "pet tippie," but not on serious occasions. In his carriage, taken at Waterloo, were found two bottles nearly empty—the one of Malaga, and the other of rum.

Champagne.—When the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët, of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the North having more than doubled since then. M. Moët's cellars are well deserving of inspection; he is always happy to do the honours to tourists, and, at parting, presents each with a bottle of the choicest wine.

English Cookery.—Cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world.—*Ude.*

Dinde aux Truffles.—There is a well-known story in the Italian jest-books, about a bet between two cardinals. The bet was a *dinde aux truffes*, (a turkey with truffles.) The loser postpones the payment till the very eve of the carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffles were worth nothing that year.—"Bah! bah!" says the other, "that is a false report originating with the turkeys."—*Quarterly Review.*

Genius.—Mrs. Montague strikingly observes:—"It has sometimes happened to me, that, by an endeavour to encourage talents and cherish virtue, by driving from them the terrifying spectre of pale poverty, I have introduced a legion of little demons; vanity, luxury, idleness, and pride, have entered the cottage the moment poverty vanished."

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